

As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enuious courtes, men of Malice;
You haue Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gaue me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gaue it.

Car. It must be himselfe then.

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

Car. Proud Lord, thou lyest:

Within these fortie houres, Surrey durst better

Haue burnt that Tongue, then saide so.

Sur. Thy Ambition

(Thou Scarlet sinne) robb'd this bewailing Land

Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,

The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,

(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)

Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,

You sent me Deputie for Ireland,

Farre from his succour; from the King, from all

That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'st him:

Whil'ft your great Goodnesse, out of holy pittie,

Absolu'd him with an Axe.

Vol. This, and all else

This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,

I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law

Found his defaults. How innocent I was

From any priuate malice in his end,

His Noble Iurie, and foule Cause can witnesse,

If I lou'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,

You haue as little Honesty, as Honor,

That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,

Toward the King, my euer Roiall Master,

Dare mate a foundier man then Surrie can be,

And all that loue his follies.

Sur. By my Soule,

Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,

Thou should'st feele

My Sword i'th' life blood of thee else. My Lords,

Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?

And from this Fellow? If we liue thus tamely,

To be thus laded by a peece of Scarlet,

Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,

And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.

Card. All Goodnesse

Is poyson to thy Stomacke.

Sur. Yes, that goodnesse

Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,

Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:

The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets

You writ to'th Pope, against the King: your goodnesse

Since you prouoke me, shall be most notorious.

My Lord of Norfolkke, as you are truly Noble,

As you respect the common good, the State

Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Issues,

(Whom if he liue, will scarce be Gentlemen)

Produce the grand summe of his sinnes, the Articles

Collected from his life. He startle you

Worse then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench

Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.

Car. How much me thinkes, I could despise this man,

But that I am bound in Charitie against it.

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.

Vol. So much fairer

And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,

When the King knowes my Truth.

Sur. This cannot saue you:

I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember

Some of these Articles, and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,

You'll shew a little Honesty.

Vol. Speake on Sir,

I dare your worst Obiections: If I blush,

It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, then my head;

Haue at you.

First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,

You wrought to be a Legate, by which power

You maim'd the Iurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else

To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*

Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King

To be your Seruant.

Sur. Then, that without the knowledge

Either of King or Councell, when you went

Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold

To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission

To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude

Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,

A League betwene his Highnesse, and *Ferrara*.

Sur. That out of meere Ambition, you haue caus'd

Your holy-Hat to be stamp't on the Kings Coine.

Sur. Then, That you haue sent innumerable substance,

(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conscience)

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes

You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndoing

Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,

Which since they are of you, and odious,

I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,

Prese not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:

His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them

(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him

So little, of his great Selfe.

Sur. I forgive him.

Sur. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,

Because all those things you haue done of late

By your power Legatiue within this Kingdome,

Fall into'th' compasse of a Premunire;

That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,

To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,

Castles, and whatsoever, and to be

Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And so wee'll leaue you to your Meditations

How to liue better. For your stubborn answer

About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,

The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shal thanke you.

So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Vol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.

Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.

This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth

The tender Leauers of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,

And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:

The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,

And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely

His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he falls as I do. I haue ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauours?
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pang, and feares then warres, or women haue;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Neuer to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell*?

Crom. I haue no power to speake Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder

A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep

I am false indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace.

Card. Why well:

Neuer so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,

I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,

A peace about all earthly Dignities,

A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,

I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders

These ruin'd Pillers, out of pittie, taken

A load, would sinke a Nauy, (too much Honor.)

O'tis a burden *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden

Too heauy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,

Has made that right vse of it.

Card. I hope I haue:

I am able now (me thinkes)

(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)

To endure more Miseries, and greater farre

Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.

What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heauiest, and the worst,

Is your displeasure with the King.

Card. God blesse him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is chosen

Lord Chancellor, in your plyce.

Card. That's somewhat sodain.

But he's a Learned man. May he continue

Long in his Highnesse fauour, and do Iustice

For Truths sake, and his Conscience; that his bones,

May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.

What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;

Infall'd Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

Card. I hat's Newes indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady *Anne*,

Whom the King hath in secrecie long married,

This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,

Going to Chappell; and the voyce is now

Onely about her Coronation.

Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.

O *Cromwell*,

The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories

In that one woman, I haue lost for euer.

No Sun, shall euer yster for
Or gilde againe the Noble
Vpon my smiles. Go get t
I am a poore false man, vnu
To be thy Lord, and Master
(That Sun, I pray may neue
What, and how true thou a
Some little memory of me,
(I know his Noble Nature)
Thy hopefull seruice perish
Neglect him not; make vse
For thine owne future safety

Crom. O my Lord,

Must I then leaue you? Mu

So good, so Noble, and so

Beare witnesse, all that haue

With what a sorrow *Cromwell*

The King shall haue my seru

For euer, and for euer shall

Card. *Cromwell*, I did no

In all my Miseries: But thou

(Out of thy honest truth) to

Let's dry our eyes: And thou

And when I am forgotten, a

And sleepe in dull cold Mar

Of me, more must be heard

Say *Wolsey*, that once trod th

And founded all the Depths

Found thee a way (out of hi

A sure, and safe one, though

Marke but my Fall, and tha

Cromwell, I charge thee, sing

By that sinne sell the Angels

(The Image of his Maker) h

Loue thy selfe last, cheris

Corruption wins not more

Still in thy right hand, carry

To silence enuious Tongues

Let all the ends thou aym'st

Thy Gods, and Truths. The

Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr

Serue the King: And prythe

There take an Inventory of

To the last peny, 'tis the Kin

And my Integrity to Heaue

I dare now call mine owne.

Had I but seru'd my God, w

I seru'd my King: he would

Haue left me naked to mine

Crom. Good Sir, haue p

Card. So I haue. Farew

The Hopes of Court, my Ho

Actus Quartus.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Yare well met once ag

2 So are you.

1 You come to take your

The Lady *Anne*, passe from h